# UNITY

*FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION*

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes
*Editor in Chief*

Louis L. Mann
Curtis W. Reese
*Associate Editors*

## I Told You So—I Tell You So!

*By* SYDNEY STRONG

## Children of Poverty

*By* VERRIER ELWIN

## Albert Brisbane, Saint Simonian, Fourierist, a Pioneer Social Reformer

*By* CHESTER C. PLATT

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## The Field

*"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."*

### "Lafayette of India"

Tributes of outstanding leaders in the movement for freedom of India were paid to Dr. Jabez Thomas Sunderland of this city last night at a testimonial dinner and reception given at the Nelson House, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in appreciation and acknowledgment of his service to India. Vithalbai J. Patel, former lord mayor of Bombay and friend of Gandhi, who was guest speaker at the dinner, expressed the gratitude of the Indian people for his championship of their cause in his book, "India in Bondage."

A message of congratulation from the All World Gandhi Fellowship to Dr. Sunderland was read by Kedar Nath Das Gupta, director of the fellowship, and another message from John Haynes Holmes, in which he stated that Dr. Sunderland is "destined to immortality as the Lafayette of India," was read by Alma L. Lissberger, secretary-treasurer of the fellowship. Dr. Holmes is president of the fellowship.

Dr. John Howland Lathrop, pastor of the Church of the Saviour, Brooklyn, acted as toastmaster at the dinner, which was attended by approximately 100, including many of the faculty members of Vassar College. Among the speakers were Dr. Kenneth J. Saunders of Vassar and S. N. Ghose, New York City, president of the India National Congress of America.

"Dr. Sunderland," Mr. Patel pointed out, "is a man who believes in peace. He is convinced that world peace can come only if India is free. He is convinced that freedom of India is the essential condition of world peace, that India's question is not the domestic concern of Britain alone, that it is a world question, that all talk of world peace is meaningless sham, nonsense, until India is free. On behalf of the suffering, starving, and sorrowing millions of India I hail Dr. Sunderland with heartfelt gratitude as one of the greatest of Americans. May he live long to see India free.

"His services were rendered not only to India, but to a greater cause," the speaker continued, "the cause of liberty and freedom, of peace and contentment in the world. He has dedicated his life to the cause of the freedom of all oppressed people of the world, convinced that the deliverance of India will open the door to all oppressed people."

A scathing denunciation of England's part in the disarmament conferences was made by Mr. Patel, who referred to her attitude as "dishonest." "Does England not know that disarmament and world peace are absolutely impossible until imperialism is crushed and the nations are made free?" the speaker asked. "Does England not

(*Continued on page* 96)

# UNITY

*"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"*

Volume CX MONDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1932 Number 6

## THE PATHFINDER

**[Written at Mt. Desert Island in honor of the 70th birthday of Dr. Samuel A. Eliot, minister of the Arlington Street Church, Boston, Massachusetts.]**

**What joy in life, what happy destiny,**
**Rewards the dweller on this fairy isle,**
**Where fir-clad heights confront a sparkling sea**
**And care-worn minds are cheered by Nature's smile!**
**To learn its secrets, to retrace its streams,**
**To guide explorers to an unknown end,**
**Such is the glad fulfillment of the dreams**
**Of woodsman, pilot, student, host and friend.**

**And is not this the faithful pastor's care**
**Between the sea of life and its stern hills;—**
**To find a trail that leads to higher air,**
**To teach life's beauty, rescue from its ills,**
**Discover hidden fastnesses of truth,**
**And, wise with age, to keep the heart of youth?—**
**Such is the faith which triumphs over fears,**
**And makes one brave and young at seventy years.**

*—Francis G. Peabody.*

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O, what a world! Ten million men and women, in a land whose granaries are bursting with wheat, are threatened with starvation this coming winter.—A disarmament conference, called to lighten the intolerable burden of arms, promises to end in the rearming of the only great nation in the world which has no army or navy.—Not satisfied with one silly and bloody war in South America, Colombia and Peru are preparing to stage another.—At a moment when no man knows where money for necessary relief of the unemployed is coming from, two great political parties are spending between three and five million dollars in a Punch-and-Judy contest for the presidency.—Good citizens are prayerfully instructed, as patriotic Americans, to fear, denounce, deride, condemn and otherwise generally execrate the one nation of the world, Russia, which has learned how to feed, clothe, house and employ all its people.—Free Englishmen resolutely deny to 320,000,000 Indians the political independence which they so deeply cherish for themselves.—A hundred thousand Germans in steel helmets march in memory of a war which slaughtered their men, starved their women and children, destroyed their empire, and imposed upon them the most humiliating peace of modern times.—A hundred million Americans, beaten by a few thousand bootleggers, propose to receive back these outlaws into society and endow them with a legalized liquor traffic.—Unable to restore prosperity without trade, half a hundred nations make trade impossible by rearing impassable tariff-barriers.—Having violated her pledges, betrayed her colleagues, and in general defied the League of Nations, Japan holds her seat in the Council and confers on matters affecting the peace and order of mankind.—And man is called *homo sapiens,* and our society "civilization"! O, what a world!

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We have delayed commenting in these columns upon the Lytton report to the League of Nations on the Manchurian situation because we wanted to make sure of our judgment that this is the most important international document that has appeared in years. At one stroke it justifies the League—that is, if it is not filed away in some pigeon-hole, but resolutely acted upon as the firm basis of a policy of peace! Although no statement could be more moderate in tone and temper, the Lytton report is in essence a terrific indictment of Japanese policy in Asia. It affirms that the bomb explosion on the night of September 18th "was not in itself sufficient to justify military action," and refuses to regard the occupation of Mukden and surrounding territory as constituting "legitimate self-defense." It points out and emphasizes the critically important fact that Japan failed to exhaust pacific means of securing redress for her grievances against China. Above all, it solemnly proclaims that "without a declaration of war a large area of what was indisputably Chinese territory was seized . . . by the armed forces of Japan" and "is now separated from and declared independent of the rest of China"—and that this was done in defiance of the Covenant of the League, the Nine Power Treaty, and the Kellogg Pact, "all of which were designed to prevent action of this kind." What this means is obvious. Japan stands indicted before the world, and the League challenged to vindicate the world's instrumentalities of peace. Manchuria must be returned to China. Failing this, the great powers, through the League, must refuse to recognize the present *status quo.*

"Any attempt at conciliation," says the *World Tomorrow,* "that is based upon the proposal that Manchuria should remain under the control of Japan . . . should forthwith be renounced." This is elementary. For if Japan gets away with its loot, there need be no further talk of leagues, or treaties, or any peace. The New York *Times* correspondent points out "the very bottom of the issue—the choice between the Covenant and the way of arms and war." The pondering of this dilemma during the next month or so, may well mark the most fateful period of history since the Great War.

---

The annual conference of the British Labor Party, —we are told, was an inspiriting affair. Something of the old fire of the Keir Hardie days seemed to be present. Taught by the shame of MacDonald, the deserted and defeated ranks of the Party shook off the shackles of opportunism, and swung sharply toward the left and on towards the old goals of revolution. Labor is through with compromise, and adjustment, and polite reform. Once again, as in the early days, it is aiming, writes H. L. Brailsford, "to drive a frontal attack straight at the center of British capitalism." This is a bad time, in Brailsford's opinion, for the Independent Labor Party to have withdrawn—an event which we noted in a recent issue of this paper! "I think the I. L. P. was gravely in error," he writes, "when it chose this moment for secession. The Labor Party is in earnest over Socialism as it never was before." All of which is very fine, *if it means anything!* But we remember a time not so long ago when these same Laborites were earlier "in earnest over Socialism." The very measures of drastic change adopted at the recent Leicester conference are only echoes of similar measures fervently pledged by the Party years ago. Twice the Party came into office, and twice they thus had opportunity to present, if not actually to enact as law, their sweeping policy of socialization. But they attempted nothing. Like tired liberals, they relegated all their platform promises to the dreamland of Utopia, and satisfied themselves with a few innocuous reforms directed toward "making the capitalist system a little more tolerable for the workers." Why should the I. L. P., or any other sincere radicals, trust the Labor Party again? If the Party did not mean business yesterday, what particle of evidence is there that they mean business today? "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." We think that the action of the I. L. P. was as realistic as it was courageous. It was like the action of the Free Soilers before the Civil War in washing their hands of the apostate Whigs. To the outsider at least it is refreshing to find in England one political group that has nothing to apologize for, and everything to dare.

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That is an hilarious tale which came out of London a fortnight or so ago about Prince Michael, Queen Helena, and King Carol, of Roumania. It seems that the little Prince had gone to England to visit his mother, who was long ago exiled from the court of her royal husband in favor of other and more delectable female fare. While on his sojourn with his maternal parent, the young Michael chanced to read in an English newspaper about the famous Mme. Lupescu, whom he saw described as his father's mistress. For the first time, in other words, the Crown Prince learned of his father's escapades, and guessed something of the real reason for the separation of his parents. The King, we are informed, was outraged, instantly ordered his son to return to the shelter of his court, and furiously threatened that never again would his heir be trusted to his mother's care. All this raises interesting questions in our mind. First, if King Carol is so careful of his son, why should he be guilty of any conduct which would corrupt that son? If the monarch is really so proud of his red-haired concubine as to have flaunted her in all the capitals of Europe, why should he be ashamed to have Michael know what others know? Where is the young Prince most likely to be corrupted —in the company of his simple and chaste mother, or in the court of his libertine father? These questions might be indefinitely multiplied, so ridiculous is the concern of an immoral parent for the morals of his son. But any psychologist knows, of course, what really is the matter here. King Carol knows the gross unworthiness of his career; he despises the woman upon whom he has wasted his best days; and he envies that other woman, his wife and queen, who has remained so faithful that he could not endure her presence. All of which means that this episode is not funny at all, but serious! Once again we learn that, in the most unlikely places, there reigns the moral law.

---

Two weeks ago in these columns we spoke of the astonishing loyalty pledge which has been imposed by the University of Pittsburgh upon its students. Now comes a somewhat similar piece of news from Columbia. In this university a new ruling has just been published which prohibits outdoor meetings of every kind, and requires all indoor meetings open to the public to be supervised by a faculty member of professorial rank. This ruling is obviously an echo of exciting events at Columbia a year ago, when great meetings were gathered day after day before the library building to protest the ousting of a student editor who had used his pen for too frank criticism of the University. It is evident that the authorities do not propose to have any more meetings of this character either indoors or out. But what are we to think of an institution which regards its students as mere childish dependents upon its will? And what becomes of the vaunted American ideals of free speech and free assembly? The Columbia *Spectator,* the student daily newspaper, speaks up in manly

fashion when it says—"Are Columbia students to be allowed the freedom of thought and expression which the University prates of, or is faculty censorship and administrative restriction going to make ridiculous the intelligent principles for which Morningside once had a reputation." We confess we do not know when Columbia ever had this "reputation" of which the *Spectator* speaks, but this protest is well taken all the same. It should straightway be commended to President Nicholas Murray Butler, well and favorably known as one of the outstanding liberals of America. Certainly there seems to be something wrong with education in this country. The University of Pittsburgh pledge, the Columbia ruling, and the famous Doak edict against foreign students, all these coming in the first month of the new academic year, are ominous.

---

"It is one of Mr. Coolidge's most engaging traits," writes Walter Lippman in the New York *Herald-Tribune,* "that he has never had the slightest delusion of grandeur." This opinion is well and soundly stated. Almost alone among our public men of great success and fame, Mr. Coolidge has remained unspoiled. Flattery has not deceived him, power did not corrupt him. *He* knows, if nobody else knows, that his climb to positions of great height does not mean that he was an immortal. Almost amusing is his modesty. He states his opinions, and evidently thinks them sound and good. But there is no suggestion that he is a messiah either for his party or for the nation. How Calvin Coolidge has managed to retain his balance under conditions which topple most other men into the pitfalls of megalomania, is an interesting question for the psychologists. Is the Yankee stuff that's in him the explanation? Is it his simple, almost rude New England training that did the business? Or is it some mental quality that enables him to objectify himself as well as others, and thus to see himself in true perspective? Perhaps it is only some gift of temperament—an easy way to explain things otherwise unexplainable. But whatever it is, this attribute of humanity is one of the rarest personal phenomena in public life, and gives Calvin Coolidge his share of true distinction. The importance of this fact, so ably commented upon by Mr. Lippman, becomes evident when we see that it is all enwrapt with the problem of democracy. How to develop leaders who are satisfied to remain servants of the people, and who have no desire to become dictators or play the role of messiahs—this is a large part of our problem. Democracy today is breaking down—but not solely because it is unworkable! It is also breaking down, or being broken down, because it allows no adequate scope for the egomania of the Mussolinis, the MacDonalds, and the Pilsudskis. Few men are great; no men are indispensable. "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister." It is the law of service, as contrasted with aggrandizement and power, which constitutes the secret of democracy.

---

# I Told You So—I Tell You So!

(1) End of Phase One—I Told You So.

We were present at the opening of the Disarmament Conference, on February 2nd and listened to the chosen speakers of the three score nations. We had even contributed an appropriate text for the day, "Cast out first the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye."

Six months passed after that opening day, when the Conference passed into the end of the first phase —with very meager results! At the beginning we wrote:

> There are three possible things to be done at Geneva: First, Total Disarmament now—the simplest, sanest, best method of all. Another method is for all nations to disarm to the level of Germany. This would be just, but not so easy, not so satisfactory, as immediate total disarmament. The third method is reduction of arms, gained through diplomacy, compromise, bargaining, resting on the shifting sands of men's passions. This would give a condition that cannot possibly remove the fears of men, nor give them faith.
>
> We are looking for a deadlock at Geneva, unless there is seen the necessity of turning to Total Disarmament. Men cannot find peace in the midst of war conditions, possessing warmentality. Disarmament cannot come to armed men. It is expecting the impossible . . . A supreme moment of sanity came to the nations when they declared war an outlaw. Another great moment of sanity is due at Geneva, when the nations shall declare armaments outlawed.
>
> There is only one other low level—not nearly so good—that does contain certain elements of equality, justice, security—it is to make the disarmed condition of Germany the standard—universally applied as well to America, Britain, France, Russia, as to Germany. That job of German disarmament was done in ninety days, and without all the nonsense and quibbling that has occupied the experts in Geneva now for nine months.
>
> If the nations seek peace by slow reduction of armament, there can be but one result—failure!—for there is involved an irrepressible conflict.

What we said has proved to be correct. As a matter of fact, up to date there has been no agreement. Promises and reference to committees are the only assurance yet secured. All of which is a terrible tragedy.

(2) Beginning of Phase Two—I Tell You So.

We are back in the Glass House, as the Bureau of the Disarmament Conference begins its work after a two months' holiday. This Bureau of twenty-two men is the Hub, or Cabinet, of the General Disarmament Conference. To this Bureau was turned over the Resolution of July 23. This small group of men will do the most of the work of the Conference, coming back after a time to the Conference for approval or direction, being compelled to give the Conference at least a month's notice before such a session is called. Naturally, this Bureau has the power of determination of 90

per cent of the result. So far we have seen nothing that the Steering Committee (same men as the Bureau) proposed that did not go through. The several most determining members of the Bureau are Henderson, Benes, Simon, Boncour, along with the omniscient Secretary-General. It is well to know the men who have in their hands the lives of millions of mankind. On one point we are clear: they are neither good enough, nor wise enough, to make laws to determine whether the youth of the world shall march out to murder. This is why we are unalterably opposed to conscription. This is why we say that until men have adopted the principle of total disarmament, not in easy stages, but immediate, they are not fit to sit in a conference that is seeking to secure peace by disarmament.

All disarmament conferences must be a delusion and a bitter disappointment that do not first proclaim the principle of total disarmament. All the perfumes of Arabia cannot sweeten *any* hellish weapons that murder men—sons of God—nor incense of Rome or Canterbury make holy the foul deeds of Cain. What we said on February 2nd is as true, even more, on September 22nd, when the Bureau met in the Glass House, with Henderson in the chair, Drummond at his side, Benes at the right, Politis next to him, with Boncour, Simon and Company round about. They simply cannot do it unless they start right. They are headed for a deadlock. Even though they get a 10% or 20% reduction—or more; even though they succeed in naming certain weapons as "aggressive," and pull a curtain before some most hideous aspects of war, and reduce budgets a few millions—there will remain the war conditions, made tenfold more dangerous by armaments, which will spell neither peace nor freedom.

If we are to save our youth from a coming slaughter, which may not be far off, just around the corner, the nations must disarm—root and branch—and it can't be done too soon. Think of the folly and inanity of a family when the house is burning, or houses a few blocks away, holding a conference on coal, gas and furnaces, instead of moving heaven and earth to save their children. I tell you that there are men who read these words whose children are in danger of war's hell, who are engaged in discussing prohibition and tariffs. These are things that you ought to have done but not left the weightier matters undone.

Here are two things we observed in this first meeting of the Bureau on September 21st:

First, Chairman Henderson made a "Declaration." It was a combination of a Dirge and a Warning. Here are some of the words: "most crucial stage of the work" (yet, eight months had elapsed, with nothing concrete to show) . . . "a morass of economic and financial difficulties" . . . "grave world situation" . . . "a primary objective could be to reduce the means of attack" . . . "we are nearing the cross-roads at which the fatal decision must be taken—peace and disarmament or for a renewal of mad competition in armaments and ultimate war."

Second, the dominant power of control in Geneva —hence the responsibility—is clearly Anglo-Saxon. Some of our friends are disturbed by such remarks. We hope we may stir up Anglo-Saxons enough to make many of them realize that Anglo-Saxons are criminally shirking their duty, and missing their divine privilege. In Geneva, practically all the positions of power are held by Anglo-Saxons. This may have been brought about by ambition, or compelling destiny, or eternal fitness as the man of the hour. The fact of his responsibility must ever be kept before the Anglo-Saxon. Nothing can be carried through at Geneva without his support. What he vigorously advocated would have ten chances to one of succeeding.

We said something like this eight months ago. History would have been different if the Anglo-Saxon had not so much played the game of dodge, delay—instead of frankly championing a thorough plan of drastic disarmament—especially if it had been total disarmament. And the power of the Anglo-Saxon has increased at Geneva. For example, only today I read on the bulletin-board that the head of the Labor Organization would speak to the press; also, that the Lytton Report had arrived; also, I saw Robert Cecil come into the room where the Bureau was meeting; also, I read today of the League Loan Committee, so powerful in influencing financially weak nations, with Austen Chamberlain as chairman. All four of these men are Anglo-Saxons. Robert Cecil is at the head of the world's most powerful propaganda for peace. . . . The most of the strategic military positions on earth are dominated by Anglo-Saxons. We call upon the Anglo-Saxon to accept the responsibility. . . . We have the right to say this, for we are Anglo-Saxon.

On the same day Gandhi began his fast, in obedience to the voice of God! What a revelation of the heart of the Anglo-Saxon! Is it possible that we have become so militarized and callous that we cannot discern the divinity of his sacrifice, nor get frightened over the hardness of our hearts? Suppose, for a moment, that Gandhi headed the Indian delegation at Geneva! Let us have an honest look at our lives. Is Pharaoh on the throne? Are the ministers of state just magicians, that cannot even turn the trick? Are our delegates just marionettes whose actions are due to string-pulling, and we can almost see the strings? Wouldn't it be refreshing if some man of the desert, like Moses, should speak in obedience to God? Magicians often become in the end deceivers, however clever may be their manipulations. Suppose all the youth of earth should keep their eyes closed for five minutes in lament and sorrow because of the sins of their fathers in war. Suppose thousands of youth should fast to

death, unless murderous weapons were abolished. Surely, the Anglo-Saxon needs to be aroused from his lethargy!

We can think of nothing that would arouse the Anglo-Saxon world—and the whole world—like a bold advocacy of complete total disarmament. This might even fill the dangerous and strange gulf between the two big Republics—USA and USSR. The dreary program that is being started by the Bureau, guided by Benes and Co., is certain to end in a deadlock, cynicism and a morass of disappointment. Why not go in for a program that will make the hearts of the children of men to sing with joy?

As we said on February 2, so we say today: There are three possible ways to disarm, total disarmament at once, or down to the German level, or by reduction in stages. The last means deadlock and vacuity; the second is apparently unobtainable; the first is safe, sane and possible of accomplishment in twelve months.

The Bureau so far seems to have slipped back into the old way that leads to deadlock, with General Delay in charge. This is sure to end in another "Resolution" at the end of six months—with world disappointment and cynicism. *Unless* the champions of Total Disarmament now come to the rescue.

Here we appeal to the Anglo-Saxon, who controls 51% of the stock! Britain and America, why not step right to the front and say, "Come, neighbors. We bring all, *all,* ALL our arms and lay them in the Common Cremation!" The nations would follow. Why mock the Eternal by muttering words about "aggressive" and "defensive"—all weapons have the finger-prints of Cain.

Now is the time for action, not for resolutions. Talk no more of past blame, but act. All are sinners.

SYDNEY STRONG.

## Jottings

At the recent Democratic State Convention in New York, the Tammany delegates were adorned with badges made of brass and ribbon. We can understand the brass. But why the ribbon?

---

Insull seems to be moving up—or down—into the class of Ivar Kreuger. Can there be any question as to the character of an industrial society which breeds leaders of this character? And they would probably have never been found out, if it had not been for the financial crash.

---

A gang of gunmen, armed with machine-guns, lined up a group of politicians the other day, and shot them all to death. Here is one more evidence of the terrible effects of Prohibition. But, hold on! This didn't happen in the United States. It happened in Havana, Cuba.

Whenever Roosevelt makes a speech, he wins the state in which he speaks. Whenever Hoover addresses his fellow-countrymen, he turns the tide and thus assures his own election. Mighty indeed is the spoken word!

---

Roosevelt's magic name did more than any other one thing to secure his nomination. It may in the end turn the scales in favor of his election. Which proves, among other things, that the great Shakespeare is not always right. For in this case at least it is not true that "a (Rose)velt by any other name would smell as sweet" (with acknowledgments to S.O.S.)

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*Ironies of Circumstance:* (3)—that disarmament conferences are composed predominantly of admirals, generals, diplomats, and politicians, whose whole life and interest are wrapt up in the maintenance of the *status quo.*

J. H. H.

### Fog

The sun-defying fog veils these fair isles
Like as an eastern woman veils her face,
Lest her full beauty and her sumptuous grace
Be gazed upon by those whose glance defiles.

Yet as she sometimes draws the veil away,
And half-reveals the wonder of her eyes,
So does the sun draw back, for our surprise,
A corner of the curtain broad and gray.

Then do we see the lighthouse lifted high,
Its top suspended 'twixt the sky and sea;
A boatless sail appears, and far alee
A baseless beacon shows where rough rocks lie.

The mighty day-star struggles to prevail,
To raise the fog, defiant though it be;
Too soon the mystery of land and sea
Is banished by the lifting of the veil.

MARGUERITE EMILIO.

### The Cause

Call not the struggle vain
  Nor say the dream is dead
When but the few attain
  And many men have fled.

With faith, the periscope,
  We look beyond the hill
And learn that doughty hope
  Is fighting foeman still.

The will, an armored car,
  That breaks through cruel fate
Can smash down every bar
  Set up by wrong and hate.

The cause is always won
  When wisdom leads the fight.
The strife is never done
  When men desert the light.

EDWIN BARLOW EVANS.

# Children of Poverty

I

*His country lies beyond and beyond, forest and river, forest, swamp and river, the mountains of Arakkaboa—leagues and leagues. . . .*
*—Walter de la Mare.*

As you make your way along the mountain-path through the tiger-haunted jungle towards Karanjia, you reach a point—it is in Rewa State—where you can look back and see below you mile upon mile of forest, remote, mysterious, a world forgotten. It is a symbol of the unfriended and lonely Gond. From here you travel westward to Seoni, where Kipling's Mowgli learnt the law of the wolf-brotherhood. The Gonds know all about Mowgli. He is Singbâba, the child of Sandsumjee, and it was a tigress, not a wolf, that fostered him. But before you reach Seoni, you come into the Mandla District, which the Gazetteer describes as "the Ultima Thule of civilization, the dreaded home of the tiger, the Gond, and the devil," and to the Village of the Twelve Hamlets, Karanjia, in its lovely valley, set about with quiet hills. Here you are amongst the Eastern spurs of the Satpuras, and ten miles away rises the holy Nerbudda, a river second in sanctity only to the Ganges. All around in tiny thatched huts, close-clinging to the earth, are the Gonds, and it was here, in the hamlet called Tikeritola that the Gond Seva Mandal (the Society for the Service of the Gonds) was born.

Right across the forest-clad Satpuras you will find the Gonds, three million of them in all. You will find them in the distant and malaria-smitten jagirs of Chhindwara, by the wooded rivers of Betul, amongst the lovely hills of Seoni, where you may hear at times the faint beat of fairy drums, in the wild mountain strongholds of Bastar State, in Chanda, in Wardha, in Narsinghpur. There are fifty thousand of them in the tea-gardens of Assam.

The Gonds, with their Dravidian tongue and nick-name of "Children of Rawan, Demon-king of Ceylon," seem to have invaded the Central Provinces from the south, but they themselves have no memory of this. But they have a tradition—which varies in different districts—of their genesis. The first boy and the first girl were hatched from eggs laid by the Singamali birds in the ancient ocean. The ocean mother gave them the forest for their dwelling and there they made a house whose cross-bars were of jay's feathers, and the rafters a peacock's tail. Then the first girl was tempted as Eve was in Eden, and from her eating the forbidden plant, there sprang the Gonds and a universe of woe. Later, but still in the shadow-land of myth, rises the noble legend of Rai Linga, hero and king of the forest, whose story has been told by Mr. Trench in the most romantic book of grammar to be published from an official press. Rai Linga is King Arthur, Rai Linga is Louis of France, the very perfect gentle knight, an incarnation, born of a human Queen miraculously, bursting from the crown of her head. But the Queen decides that a curse has been born to her, and she asks two girls to take the child away, and bury him alive. But when they look at him he smiles at them, and they hide him under a banyan tree instead. The Queen of the Vultures rises from her mountain and goes out in search of food. She carries Rai Linga high above the hills, but, finding him alive, dares not eat him, and drops him into the lap of Queen Barren, the lonely consort of King Sterile. There is great joy in that sad court, but as the boy grows he wanders with bow and arrow in the forest, until at last he comes to his birthplace and his mother. She makes him king, setting him over his six elder brothers, who try to kill him. But when they fail in this, they go out on a trading expedition, leaving Rai Linga with their six wives. By them his purity is assailed night after night, but he never yields, and in despair they take him to the jungle to shoot green pigeons and strip him naked there, yet he speaks no word. At last the women shut themselves up with an angry cat, and get fever from its bites and scratches. When their husbands return they say that Rai Linga has dishonoured them, and the brothers burn the boy to death in an iron grain-bin. But three days later, when they go to perform the funeral rites, they find him alive, for over the sinless death has no power. Then they realize the guilt of the women and raise Rai Linga to great honor, and, in spite of his protests, they tie bars to their wives' legs and yoking bullocks to them drive them round and round the village till they die. Then Rai Linga sets out in search of fire. He finds fire in the forest, and new queens for his brothers. But he himself refuses to marry. "Do your royal and worldly business," he says, "I may not stay." So he embraces them all and vanishes, returning to his own heavenly abode.

It is not till the fourteenth century that the Gonds enter authentic history, when we find Gond kingdoms established in Betul, Chhindwara, Mandla and Chanda. Under the tolerant and kindly rule of the Gond kings, the country prospered. Forts, tanks, wells were built. The palaces were filled with wealth. The peasants, they say, paid tribute in elephants and gold mohurs. Akbar's army found a hundred jars of gold coin and much jewelry and a thousand elephants in the fort of Chauragarh. But the kings had no organization, no ability for war, and before the Maratha Chieftains their kingdoms collapsed almost without resistance, and they were driven deep into the recesses of the hills and forest. That was a swift end to kingship and honor.

Today the romantic scenery of the Satpuras is but a lovely veil for a multitude of sorrows. The tiny mud huts of the Gonds, in which the brief lives flicker out so speedily and in such misery, cover an extreme of poverty, a poverty carried with a splendid heroism. "From him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." The Gond is one of the victim-races of the earth. He is fair spoil for every comer. He not only labors under a burden of taxation; he is broken by an injustice more subtle, the wrong of man to man. He lives on the frontiers of starvation; his average income must be less than an anna a day; his children must go to work at the age of five; his food is the thin and scanty *pej* (rice boiled in water), almost unvaried; his clothes, such as they are, give no protection against the bitter mountain-cold of winter.

"The uniform e' wore
Was nothin' much before,
An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind."

Yet even this half-starved, neglected skeleton is not neglected by the tax-collector, and he has to pay heavy taxes for his cattle, his wood, his fields. He cannot supplement his diet as formerly by hunting, for the game must be preserved for the pleasure of officials. No one, nothing, spares him. The harvest lies ripening in the sun—and in an hour a cyclone has destroyed it. The tiger, the bear, the panther rob the flocks; sometimes they enter the huts at night and the children wake to a nightmare of eyes gleaming in the dark and sharp claws. More dangerous than the tiger, the bania comes with smooth words and money ready for the lending. Opium and liquor consume what is left by the moneylender. Petty officials must have their share of the spoil. Stripped of all resources, utterly ignorant, with no friend at hand to help him, the Gond falls an easy prey to disease. There is no medicine for him; the revenue must go to support a great army which he never sees, which will protect him against an invasion of which he has never heard; for example, there is no medical aid available in a thirty-mile radius round Karanjia. So from generation to generation he weakens; malaria smites him in the rains; his sores and wounds rot undoctored; and his little children die for want of milk—for the tax on cows and she-buffaloes is so heavy that he cannot afford to keep them. There is no proper education for him, for his money is needed to maintain the administration. There is no one to show him improved methods of agriculture, for his money is needed to maintain the administration. He must be tempted with drink and opium, for the money is needed to maintain the administration. The poorest of mankind, heavily taxed, receive from the State a mere fraction in return.

As I write, and remember—there are pictures in my mind. Across the platform of a wayside station a group of frantic peasants are carrying to the train a maddened, struggling, raving thing that once was, still is, a man. He is burnt from head to foot, a living cinder; the charred skin falls from him. As the passengers see this uncouth shrieking horror borne towards them they rush to bar the doors of their carriages against it. In his wife's eyes what torture!

A village girl comes: that girl was most lovely. Her eyes revealed her a house of men, and on her lips there was enchantment. And then she shewed you, and you saw that lovely body was swollen, rotting, hideous with stinking sores—sores that were born afresh on the bodies of men in many villages. She was your sister, she was most lovely that girl was. There was no doctor, there never had been a doctor; there was no one who knew the laws of control and health; there never had been anyone. She was your sister, that lovely tragic girl.

The poorest family in the village are sitting in the ashes of their house; the night before, house and everything had puffed out in a swift and scanty flame that seemed half ashamed of its poor capture. The family, it seemed a whole school of children, are sitting bewildered, hopeless. "We are ruined, little brother, we are ruined!" "How much will it cost to rebuild, brother, and get rice and grain for the rains?" "A fortune, little brother, we cannot think of it." "But how much?" "At least four rupees!"

A poor woman in a remote village by the Tawa River loses her husband to jail—it was a killing—and no one knows his fate. But a letter comes, a stern official letter, on thick brown paper, and no one can read it, no one in the neighbourhood can read it. For weeks it lies there with its message of life and death, and the anxious wife (I think women love more vividly in the jungle) turns it over and over trying to wrest from it the secret of her husband's fate.

At night in a tiny village among flooded fields the women come to sing. They are very poor in that village. No one can afford a light in that village. In the dark comes a melody haunting and unforgettable as the Russian chant for the dead. It is the cry of a broken people for their dead honor, their dead happiness, the fulness of life which their children would not know. It is the "still sad music of humanity."

A stout man sips his whisky and soda in a railway restaurant. He is the manager of a coal mine—somewhere. "Lots of Gonds in our mine," he grunts. "Wouldn't be regular at first. But we taught them, the bloody slackers. Got 'em used to drink and opium, mad for it, dependent on it; they'd do anything we want then to get it. Kept 'em short by gambling too. Now they go below all right, and no damn trouble." He grunts, and finishes his glass.

These are true pictures, but to understand them you must multiply them a thousand times and see such things in village after village. "Only the Infinite Pity is sufficient for the infinite pathos of human life."

The Gonds have one treasure, they are very loveable. There is a magic in them; they enchant you, they are so simple, truthful, honest, humorous—and their humor is that of the prose parts of Shakespeare's comedies. Their culture is rhythm. There is little tune in their music; they have no literature, no apparent sense of form or colour; but they have rhythm. Their dance, their drum, their singing, it has a magic of rhythm in it. And rhythm is the spirit that comes upon them in their strange, ecstatic worship of the Great Spirit of the Forest, and they dance in a rhythmic movement that brings joy.

That rhythm is their power and consolation. For even in their helpless misery, in the grandeur of their suffering, they rise above those who spoil them, those who neglect them. The Gonds have blood. You will see some old, tumbledown wreck of a man carry himself with a royal dignity. A Gond girl walks through the forest like a queen, a tigress-queen; the movement of her body is a perfect rhythm. There are boys with the carriage of princes. They have blood.

When the Gonds are free of the multitudinous chains that bind them, they will hold their heads high indeed.

II

The Gond Seva Mandal (Society for the Service of the Gonds) was started by a little group of Indian Christians and one Englishman to espouse the cause of the people and try to serve them. The members were very sensitive to the need of being identified with the national life of India and to the necessity of unity. It was especially urgent that the barriers of suspicion and unfamiliarity between Christians and other children of God as well as between East and West should be broken down. So the ideal of the Gond Seva Mandal is that of a fellowship of friends, Eastern and Western, Christian, Mussalman, Parsee, Hindu, bound together in a brotherhood not of syncretism but of service. The Mandal, therefore, is open to all who are

ready to give their lives in disinterested service to the poorest of the poor and to become one with them. In the programme of the Mandal, the expression of love and pity, the friendship of the people, to live their life and to share their joys and sorrows, has the foremost place. The Gonds above all need friends, not benefactors who condescend to them, but friends who share their poverty and their sorrows. This friendship will naturally find expression in the now accepted programme of village service, such as you find in the Bhil Seva Mandal of Gujerat or the Krista-kula-ashram of Tirupattur. The aim of the Gond Seva Mandal, then, is to direct the attention of the larger world towards the half-forgotten aboriginals, to recreate their energy which has been sapped by generations of ignorance, indolence and neglect, to found Ashram Schools throughout the Gond country, to revive village industries and especially spinning and weaving, to open centers of medical relief, to do propaganda for sanitation, hygiene and temperance; to start co-operative societies; in short, to be the servants of the people. Only a tiny beginning has been made towards the achievement of this ambitious programme; but it has been given here in order to indicate the lines of development to which the Mandal looks forward.

III

Some members of the Mandal had long felt the call to follow Christ in the Franciscan way, and so *within* the Gond Seva Mandal there has come into being a Brotherhood of St. Francis for those who wish to follow the special rules and ideals which the Franciscan life involves. The Brotherhood and the Gond Seva Mandal are technically distinct, yet actually one, bound together in the love and service of the Gonds. Some such distinct organization was necessary on practical grounds; for example, the Gond Seva Mandal is open to married workers, while the Brotherhood of St. Francis is for those who feel a vocation to live under the counsels of poverty, chastity and obedience.

The rule of the Brotherhood of St. Francis calls its members to live after the pattern of the Holy Gospel. Every Christian is called to the following of the Divine Master in life, love and sorrow, to become to his neighbor a second Christ. The brothers are called above all things to the life of love, in which their many-sided vocation is epitomized. First and foremost is the work of prayer—the triumph and glory of love moving Godward and bearing with it the tragedies and sorrows of the world. Then there is the life of love moving outward to tend the children of poverty, who are a mirror of the poverty and humility of Christ. And there is the eagerness of love to explore and to make known the mysteries of God in his revelation to mankind. And lastly, there is that work of love so often misunderstood, where love has to arm itself with sword and shield and—in the words of the recent declaration of the Bishops at Lambeth—"make war on injustice, falsehood and covetousness within ourselves and in the world around us." The expression of love is in poverty, and the brothers have no possessions of their own, living in tiny huts made of mud and wattle, bare of furniture; their clothes are coarse handspun (khadi) of village India. They are bidden to see in the poor and suffering a living picture of Christ, who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

"Faithful to the example of the peacemaker of Assisi," the rule continues, "the Brothers do all that is possible by prayer, word and deed to promote peace and co-operation amongst nations and classes, and to combat, where it is to be found, hatred, enmity and injustice. They will never be mere agitators. In the sphere of public life they hail with joy the advent of the political idealism of Mahatma Gandhi." The Brotherhood is not, however, a political organization, nor is it connected with any political organization, nor is it identified with any sectional or party interests. It owns allegiance to truth alone. Yet, says the rule, "On behalf of the poor and oppressed the Brothers are prepared to fight fearlessly but with love, and if need be to go to prison and to suffer persecution at the hands of the rich and powerful. But these, too, they regard as their friends, and serve them in any way they can."

"The vocation of the Brotherhood," the Rule continues, "is to preach Christ by love." The brothers do not proselytize. They have a profound respect for the religious convictions of others. They work side by side with members of other faiths, sharing their prayers, and living with them as true brothers of a common Father. The brothers, however, are free to preach (if they have opportunity) in all Christian churches, and by speech or writing to make known the beauty and nobility of their faith. But all such work is interpreted in the light of Mr. C. F. Andrews' remark that "the fragrance of a true Christian life is worth all the propagandist teaching in the world," and the main task of the Brotherhood is not love in speech but love in action. Here there is no disloyalty to Christ, nor is such action "mere social service." The tending of the children of the poor in the love of Christ is an act of adoration; it is the purest of all worship. In every child it sees the Babe of Bethlehem, and in each weary care-worn mother the Mother of Christ. In very truth the poor are nailed by their sufferings to the Cross, and to love the poor is to love the Crucified.

The Ashram stands on a hill above the hamlet of Tikeritola, overlooking the whole valley of Karanjia. Not far away, under a cluster of dark green trees, is the grave of the German missionaries who came there in 1842. Within a few months four were dead and a fifth out of his mind. At the foot of the hill is the Pilgrim's Way leading to the sacred source of the Nerbudda. A flight of broad steps curves up the hill to a tiny chapel of St. Francis, which is planned as a temple with cells in front and a court enclosing the little shrine. Round the court are the Stations of the Cross, and in front, on the brow of the hill, the place of the prayer of the dawn and sunset. One of the treasures of the Chapel is a beautiful crucifix garlanded with yarn spun by Mahatma Gandhi. The walls are decorated in the Gond style of art. Behind there is a little dispensary. Along the hill are a number of little spurs each with lovely views in all directions, and on these the buildings of the Gond Seva Mandal are being erected.

Already the villagers regard the Ashram as their own. All day they are in and out, greeting the members as their brothers, and bringing their needs and sorrows for comfort. In their service there is purification and delight, and a chance to repay a little, a very little, of the debt of love which all men owe to the poorest of the poor.

—*Verrier Elwin.*

NOTE: The Gond Seva Mandal has no regular source of income: it is supported by no grants; it has

no mission, or church, or political organization behind it. For money its members depend literally upon God and the love of friends. The immediate needs of the Mandal are for the establishment in November, 1932, of an Ashram school for boys, a school for little children, an enlarged dispensary, and a center for spinning and weaving. Practically all money given goes direct to the poor. The brothers (who are now five in number) receive the bare necessities of life, and food, clothes, buildings are the cheapest possible. There is a separate Chapel and Library Fund. The Chapel of St. Francis cost only Rs. 20 (under £2) to build. A Gond child in the Ashram School can be supported and educated for Rs. 5 a month or £5 a year. We can only take children if their maintenance is guaranteed by friends. Those who feel their debt to the poor, and love India, and are in sympathy with the ideals of the Ashram, can help the work very greatly if they send a *cheque* (this is much the most convenient) either to Brother Shamrao, the director of the Ashram, care of The Servants of India Society, Poona 4, or to the Rev. Brother Verrier Elwin, 1, Warnborough Road, Oxford. After November, however, letters should be addressed to the Gond Seva Mandal, Karanjia P. O., Mandla District, Central Provinces, India. Any who would care to receive the circular letters, etc., issued by the Ashram should write to Brother Verrier.—EDITOR.

## Albert Brisbane, Saint Simonian, Fourierist, a Pioneer Social Reformer

"Who pays for this ice cream?"

"Well, I do."

"But where do you get the money to pay for it?"

"My father sends it to me."

"And where does he get it?"

"From the farmers of Genesee County."

Then I reflected, "Does my father work to produce this?"

"No, he owns land and other property from which he receives an income and that income comes out of the labor of the farmers and the working classes."

"It is they, then, who are in reality paying for this ice cream."

"Do I give an equivalent?"

"No."

"Then I get their labor without an equivalent, that is for nothing."

Thus soliliquized Albert Brisbane one evening, after a performance at the Paris Opera House, as he sat in front of a Cafe. And thus began reflections which led to Mr. Brisbane's becoming a Socialist. He was the first person to advocate Socialism in America. This was in 1828.

Albert Brisbane was the father of Arthur Brisbane, now of the New York *Journal*. And he was the son of James Brisbane, one of the founders of Batavia, New York, and its first Postmaster.

James Brisbane offered to send his son Albert to college, but the boy chose instead a tour in Europe. He visited France, England, Germany, Turkey, Italy and Greece. In Paris he first became interested in the philosophy of Saint Simon and he met the leading Saint Simonians in both Paris and Berlin. Later he became still more interested in Charles Fourier and the Fourier circle in Paris. He met Fourier himself, studied his theories under his personal supervision, and with some reservations accepted most of Fourier's doctrines.

He was particularly interested by Fourier's idea of dignifying and rendering attractive the manual labors of mankind, labors which he says were heretofore regarded as a divine punishment inflicted on man. He says:

> To introduce attraction into this field of common-place degrading toil—the dreary lot of the masses—which seemed to overwhelm man with its prosaic, benumbing, deadening influence; to elevate such labors and invest them with dignity would indeed be a mighty evolution.
>
> The first general result which presented itself to my mind was *universal employment* in productive industry and the creation of all the means necessary to the prosecution of those scientific and highly intelligent qualifications, now limited to the few.
>
> I saw a healthy, rich humanity organizing everywhere its universities—its courses of mental development. In my enthusiasm I saw a million universities scattered over the globe and the means of solving the great problems of human destiny.
>
> Fourier did not undertake to do this work by any abstract imaginative means, by persuasion or appeals to moral duty; his process was an entirely new and practical organization of those labors.
>
> It was by a minute division of their details; by convenient and labor-saving machinery; by healthy even elegant workshops, where a certain refinement could be introduced and scientific thought combined with the pursuits of industry. By short sessions of labor and the prosecution of all its branches by groups of persons united in taste and sympathy of character, thus bringing the play of the sentiments into industry, and identifying the social and productive life of man; lastly, by a clear appreciation on the part of humanity of the importance of these labors as regards their influence on the cultivation of the globe, and, through that cultivation, on the whole economy of our planet.

Most of the Saint Simonians went into the Fourier movement, which at one time was strong enough to maintain a weekly paper called *La Reforme Industrielle* and a daily paper called *La Democratie Pacifique*. In 1852 however, both papers were suppressed by the government.

In the spring of 1834 Mr. Brisbane returned to the United States after a European tour of six years. He was a brilliant lecturer and a convincing writer. Horace Greeley, who had just established the New York *Tribune*, became much interested in Mr. Brisbane's ideas, and Mr. Brisbane contributed many articles from time to time for the *Tribune*. About this time he published his first book, entitled "Brisbane on Association."

Mr. Greeley read this book and became particularly interested in the idea of co-operative living. He said:

> Here is a woman who does not know how to keep house but can do something else very well; let us offer a system of living that will dispense with the labor of four-fifths of the women now engaged in the kitchen; let us enable those who have no taste for cooking or any aptitude that way to find occupation in other branches of industry.

A Farmers' Club in Kenosha, Wisconsin, reading Mr. Brisbane's articles in the *Tribune*, became interested enough in them to buy a large tract of land in northern Wisconsin, near where Ripon is now located. They established a co-operative colony there which flourished for several years. It was the largest and most successful co-operative colony ever established in this country that was not based on any religious belief.

But after a few years of fair success with the experiment, the farmers became tired of it and sold their land to individual farmers and the colony was dissolved, paying however a dividend to those who had conducted the experiment.

At about the same time a little community of men and women had organized about five miles from Boston an association known as Brook Farm. George Ripley, a young Unitarian minister, took the initiative in organizing the movement. He was backed up by Nathaniel Hawthorne, Charles A. Dana, George W. Curtis, John S. Dwight and others of like intellectual stamp. Although not originally Fourierites, they became much interested in the Fourier doctrines and embraced most of them. However, after some years of existence Brook Farm came to an end. Mr. Brisbane says:

> It broke up like all the other little associations that had been established and much for the same reason. Poverty and fire it is true were the direct causes of its dissolution. But the fundamental cause was deeper. The organization was not adapted to the natural and manifold needs of its members; the legitimate aspirations and ambitions of the individuals found there no satisfying field of action.

I gleaned material for this article from "A Mental Biography" of Mr. Brisbane, written by his wife. In the introduction she writes:

> When at the age of twenty-four, after a six-years absence in Europe Mr. Brisbane returned to his native land, he came freighted with new ideas. (The ideas of Saint Simon and Charles Fourier). Those ideas were then making the grandest epoch of the century.
>
> Little dreaming then of the difficulties which were to beset his path, he naively imagined that he needed but to speak, to present to others the grand conceptions which had been presented to him to enlist an enthusiastic co-operation in that propaganda which was to lead to a new social era.
>
> Such however was not the fact.
>
> Impelled by a single absorbing passion, the social redemption of the collective man, individuals fell away; and first of all his own individuality. To so remarkable a degree was this the case, that although the leader of the Fourierist movement, in the sense of its initiator, never did he seek distinction or honor through it, or accept prominent positions therein, which others could be found to fill.
>
> From one standpoint Mr. Brisbane was peculiarly adapted to the role of pioneer in social reform, which he was destined to play in this country. His rare simplicity of character, innocent alike of pretense and personal ambition, made it comparatively easy for him to bear the ignoring inseparable from such a mission.
>
> To be ostracized by "good" Society, to find closed upon him the doors of distinguished and intimate friends of his family, was certainly not exhilarating to youthful enthusiasm; still what would have stung an ordinary man touched him but lightly.

Mrs. Brisbane expresses regret that Mr. Brisbane lacked many characteristics for leadership. She says that the perfected social organism conceived by prophetic minds at the beginning of this century is still afar off. It might almost be said that the long years of agitation which have intervened have but furnished light enough on the social question to show us the depth of the gulf, material as well as moral, which still stretches between the real and the ideal.

Mrs. Brisbane expresses regret that Mr. Brisbane, so talented as a conversationalist and so brilliant as a lecturer, wrote very little for publication.

A fly leaf of the biography contains this verse:

> Sweeter than any sung,
> My songs that found no tongue.
> Nobler than any fact,
> My wish that failed by act.

Something of Mr. Brisbane's sunny character, and of his personal appearance may be gathered from this paragraph in Mrs. Brisbane's introduction:

> His patience and forbearance under the petty annoyances of commonplace contact and conditions surpassed everything I have ever witnessed of like nature. That spiritual serenity which gave to his fine face its distinctive stamp and preserved to old age the sweet expression of a child, was—however great the provocation—rarely dethroned.

The volume is embellished by a picture of Mr. Brisbane at the age of thirty, and a steel engraving, which shows him as he looked in 1889, the year before his death. The latter particularly bears out what Mrs. Brisbane has said of her husband's appearance.

She quotes this:

> Perhaps not he but nature failed,
> The World and not the infant failed;
> It was not ripe yet to sustain
> Agencies of so fine a strain
> Who gazed upon the sun and moon
> As if he came into his own;
> And pregnant with his grander thought
> Brought the old order into doubt.

CHESTER C. PLATT.

# The Study Table

## Wells Completes His Task

In this great work,* published in two large volumes, 895 handsomely printed pages, H. G. Wells completes the stupendous outline of contemporary knowledge which he conceived, and began almost single-handed, shortly after the close of the Great War. A survey of the insanity of that vast nationalistic struggle convinced Mr. Wells that nothing but right education could save the world from complete and final catastrophe. Education was wrong because confused, traditional, parochial, dead to all the larger issues and acuter ills of this modern age. What was needed was a universal ordering of knowledge, and an impartation of it to men in terms of their common life as members together of a single planetary society. Especially important was it that all men everywhere, of all races, religions, nations, should be instructed in the history of mankind upon the earth as a single story of evolutionary social development, in the truth about life as it has unfolded in its myriad forms through countless ages, and in the facts of human economy as they have proliferated into innumerable aspects of work and play, production and distribution, wealth and want. In other words, humanity must learn a new history, a new biology and a new economics. Since nobody else seemed tempted to undertake to provide this new material of education, Mr. Wells, with sublime courage and utter singleness of purpose, shouldered the huge task himself. The first result was the sensationally popular "Outline of History"; the second was the compendius "Science of Life," written in conjunction with Professor Julian Huxley and his son, G. P. Wells; the third and last is the vast work now before us. We know of nobody else, certainly no writer of equal competence, who would have had the energy, to say nothing of the knowledge, to accomplish this tremendous achievement. Whatever may be our judgment as to the relative or permanent quality of the books produced, there can be no dissent as to the immeasurable debt which this generation, and perhaps all future generations, must owe

*"The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind," by H. G. Wells. Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co. 2 vols. $7.50.

to H. G. Wells for his pioneering of the way. Many a prophet can see and even describe a vision; few can translate it into actuality.

Of the "Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind," it must be said that it is the least valuable and important of the series. Certainly, it is the poorest written. Of course the task assumed was in the nature of things impossible, both from the scientific and the literary point of view. "This book," writes the author, on the opening page, "is intended to be a picture of all mankind today, a picture of living mankind active, working, spending, making and destroying. . . . Such a general picture of all mankind about its business has not been attempted before. It would have been impossible before the present time." After reading Wells's crowded pages, we believe it, as we have just said, to be still impossible. That the heroic author has done as well as he has, is a miracle. If he has not built a highway into this vast and unexplored field of knowledge, he has at least blazed a trail. Surveying the work from the standpoint not of things done but of things attempted, these volumes must rank among the great achievements of our time.

What is apparent throughout the book is that Mr. Wells has been overwhelmed by his material. That he has handled it at all—kept afloat amid the flood, so to speak!—is due to two exceedingly ingenious literary devices to which he has had resort. One is the deliberate conception, or rather imagination, of "a huge modern encyclopedia of human skill, knowledge and relationship, the whole 'Science of Work and Wealth'—a conspectus of modern economics, the entire literature of the subject and all such studies now in progress." The other is the imagination of a phantom museum, a South Kensington Museum or Deutsches Museum immeasurably enlarged and extended, containing ordered exhibits of all that man has done through the ages to keep his species alive and organize his society upon the earth. Mr. Wells dreams of these two stupendous entities as already in existence, and uses them constantly as the source-material, or rather background, of his work. He tells what might be read upon the pages of this colossal encyclopedia, or seen in the miles-long galleries of this museum. The result is that hundreds of pages of Mr. Wells's own book read hardly better than the pages of a catalogue. One might stop the reading long before the end, were it not for the fact that constantly the author suspends his cataloguing to describe in detail some phenomenon, or movement, or event which has stirred his mind, and now and then dips his pen in the radiant colors of his vision of world peace and unity and writes passages which flame like pictures of the Apocalypse.

The field covered in any fashion by this work is of course enormous. It is as wide as the world, not only of our own era but of all earlier eras as well. His survey stops at no frontier, and pauses at the threshold of no century. His province is mankind in every place and age, though the present—the post-War period—is the focus of his attention. Beginning with an exceedingly sketchy study of man's early organization of economic life, Wells passes at once into a fascinating presentation of our human modes of thinking about life, and through a brilliant retelling of the old Nationalist and Realist controversy, makes plain the elements of modern scientific thought. The story of Roger Bacon in these early pages is a pleasant interlude. Then, in a swift series of crowded chapters, the author tells of the "conquest of distance," the "conquest of hunger," the "conquest of climate" (clothing and housing); he describes "how goods are bought and sold," analyzes the problem of "how work is organized," and plunges into vast psychological deeps in a long discussion of "why people work," their motives, pressures, and aspirations. Then follows a bewildering statement of the perennial riddle of money and finance. We can't say that Wells, for all his clarity, makes this riddle clear, nor have we any standards of thought or knowledge to enable us to judge the soundness of his conclusions; but we revelled in his exciting story of the current depression, and felt great content when we encountered his categorical statement that the English Labor Government was overthrown in 1931 by MacDonald's surrender to the dictation of American bankers. After finance, there comes the problem of the rich and poor "and their traditional antagonism." This is succeeded by an absorbing chapter on the economic role of women, with the most illuminating discussion of prostitution that we have ever chanced to encounter. The chapter on governments and their ways is a gorgeous satire, and the study of armaments, particularly armament-makers, stirs the deeps of wrath. The closing sections of this huge work deal with the question of population (birth-control and eugenics), with play, sport and art, as expressions of man's "overflowing energy," with education as the crown and flower of all that has gone before, and, finally, with the outlook for the future, wherein Mr. Wells dons his not unaccustomed garb of prophet.

We have said that much of this writing is a mere cataloguing of facts. As our mind runs back over the pages, we find ourselves thinking that we might more fairly and vividly describe the pages as a swift moving-picture of a vast territory. Many of the "shots" are unforgettable—the description, for example, of the horrors of the tropical rubber industry in Putumayo and the Congo. Here Mr. Wells's emotions run away with him. He tells a story out of all proportion to the rest of the book simply because his indignation will not permit him to forego the opportunity to expose afresh this crime against humanity. Incidentally it is good to find revived and recognized in these pages the great services of E. D. Morel. Another fascinating section is taken up with short studies of certain famous rich persons—Hetty Green, the Rothschilds, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jay Gould, John D. Rockefeller, Thomas A. Edison, Henry Ford, Alfred Lowenstein—"little journeys" to the homes of millionaires and the secret of making money in this modern world. And always, of course, as he moves along, Mr. Wells catches glimpses of his new world of peace and unity! At such times the film of his panorama breaks into flame, and we have paragraphs which are veritable conflagrations of prophecy and vision. Few men can write like H. G. Wells at such times. He is a man inspired when he states his faith in man's future upon this earth.

All through this enormous work runs one conviction—that the unfolding processes of man's present economic life, driven by the new mechanical contrivances of the last century, have altogether outgrown the financial and political system under the control of which we try to live. Our modern relationships are encased, so to speak, in a frame-work as ancient as the past ages which conceived and built it. It is as

though a machine of intricate complexity and enormous power were put to work upon some miserably antiquated river-craft. As the mighty engines beat the boat to pieces, we struggle desperately to keep afloat! Our task, immediate in its urgency, is so to change, reform, reconstruct our financial methods and our whole governmental structure as to enable the new economic processes of production and distribution to function without destroying our world. This means, at bottom, a new education which shall teach men to establish an international currency, accomplish disarmament, abolish war, and organize a society which shall be economically, if not politically, a single world-state.

Whether man can accomplish this task in time, is a question. Mr. Wells, for all his faith, is no easy optimist. He still believes, as he put it originally in his "Outline of History," that the situation is fundamentally "a race between education and catastrophe." He sees clearly the chances against us. There is no providence, nor even fate, to save us. Myriads of species have perished before us. "Why should we suppose that we are specially favored items in the spectacle of existence?" Millions of individuals have died, and are dying, cruel deaths. "Is there any difference in quality between one single case of a dear human being killed by cancer and the murder of a world? . . . If the universe can kill a child unjustly, so it can kill a race or a planet unjustly. If so many individual lives end tragically, why should not the whole species end tragically?"

But still he hopes—and believes! If the optimist can "prove nothing," neither can the pessimist. The future is full of surprises. "There is no more probability of these surprises being dreadful than there is of their being delightful. The chances are strictly even. When everything has gone into either scale, there still remains this fact to tilt the balance in our favour, that here we are with courage in us." So Mr. Wells clings to his faith. Sublime is the closing sentence of the book:

> The impenetrable clouds that bound our life at last in every direction may hide innumerable trials and dangers, but there are no conclusive limitations even in their deepest shadows, and there are times and seasons, there are moods of exaltation—moments, as it were, of revelation—when the whole universe about us seems bright with the presence of as yet unimaginable things.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

# Correspondence

### The "Religious Liberty" Correspondence

Editor of UNITY:

The two letters published in your issue of October 3rd, one by Upton Sinclair, the other by Ernest M. Whitesmith, are of interest, inasmuch as they show that one cannot arrive at logical conclusions without considering all factors. To be a Roman Catholic and to believe in all the tenets of the Church, are two entirely different things. A Catholic priest once told me very proudly, that his church had not changed its teachings for 1900 years, whereupon I replied that this may be correct, but if he thinks that during all these centuries the adherents of Catholicism have interpreted these teachings the same way, he is mistaken. The fact is that the church a man belongs to and his religion are two different things, and while a man's religion may still be "his chief fact," his church is not.

Most energetic, intelligent and educated men belong to a church from habit, family tradition, and poetry of youth, and subscribe by no means to all the official teachings of the church. In fact, the mental, moral and ethical difference between an educated American Roman Catholic and an illiterate Italian peasant of the same faith, is as great as is that of Pike's Peak and a dry goods packing case.

I for one do not consider Christian Science a religion, but an out and out superstition, for every dogmatic religion, though based on the *ego*, leaves at least some room for the *alter*, while Christian Science considers merely self. When some time ago a Christian Scientist boasted in my presence of the large and beautiful churches his people built, I told him that if they would spend as much money on hospitals, orphan asylums, old peoples' homes and other philanthropic institutions, they would not have so much money for churches.

And still, Christian Scientists are perfectly sane on all subjects except on their superstition. And the accumulated fund of ethics planted within them, through centuries of training, even the Christian Science doctrine of selfishness cannot eradicate for many a generation to come. Christian Scientists can be trusted with perfectly logical decisions on all matters of economics and politics. In fact, if each and every one of us would examine our inner life thoroughly and honestly, I believe almost each one would find somewhere in the southeast corner of his or her brain some cell filled with cobwebbed emotionalism out of rhyme and reason with up to date knowledge. Why then discriminate against Roman Catholics or Christian Scientists for the presidency of these United States?

With all due appreciation of what has been done for America by Upton Sinclair, who has taught us how to look beneath the surface of society, I yet believe that, outside of Roman Catholicism, there are not more dogmatic persons anywhere than the average Socialist and the average Atheist.

LEO KAUL.

*Chicago, Illinois.*

### Friends of Peace Should Act Quickly

Editor of UNITY:

The world war left the nations prostrate and economically drained. We have not yet recovered from its terrible effects; the prolonged bitterness resulting from the Carthaginian peace of Versailles has acted with the lust for imperialist exploitation to bring on the present threat of another outburst. All students of world affairs must entertain grave doubts whether our civilization can survive the strain of another world war.

A life spent in teaching has convinced me that one of the tasks before those who would save the world from destruction is to make the ordinary unthinking mass realize that war means not sublime endeavor, sunshine, martial music, with men dressed in spic and span uniforms, but dirt, blood, filth, death and beastly passions. The friends of peace must enlist writers, workers and teachers to do their utmost to counteract the propaganda for militarism.

Friends of peace must act quickly, for civilization is running a race with destruction. An attack by Japan on Russia will engulf Europe and America in destruction. Due to the rapid increase of efficiency or weapons of war, including poisonous gases, the whole population of every country at war will be involved. There will be no noncombatants. The economic centers and supporting populations behind the armies will be wiped out remorselessly as are the men in the trenches.

The appeal by Romain Rolland summoning men and women, workers and intellectuals, regardless of political affiliations, to a World Congress Against War should meet with a positive response from all those who are sincere friends of peace.

W. S. SCHLAUCH

*New York University, N. Y.*

### Wise Students and Foolish Warriors

Editor of UNITY:

Two eminent technicians in the art and science of war, experts on poison gas, tanks, machine-guns, submarines and other instruments of destruction of one's own species, have just expounded certain astounding theories. Admiral Fiske fears that the "pacifistic conduct of our government may get us into another war in which we may be conquered on the sea and despoiled of all our wealth." General McArthur, Chief of Staff of the United States Army, addressing the students of the University of Pittsburgh at the last commencement, told them that "it is unde-

fended riches which provoke war. The wealth of the United States presents a tempting spectacle which may ultimately lead to another world-war." The group of students who had organized to protest against the invitation to the General to speak, as they were opposed to this "emphasis on militarism" were overborne by the decision of the Chancellor. They must have felt doubly justified after listening to the General's false and ludicrous reference to "pacifism and its bed-fellow, Communism," the one, designating those who would replace the use of explosives by substituting economic pressure and courts as we do in intercity and interstate disputes, and the other — communism, which stands for exactly the opposite of that and ardently holds like the General himself to the necessity of settling international disputes by explosives.

When will all college students who can understand calculus and chemical formulae, and their chancellors and parents as well, learn what should be taught in every grammar school, that men who are experts in some subjects may be infantile in judgment on others. The expert on explosives has no more competence to pronounce general doctrines about the causes of war than he has about the causes of cancer or leprosy. This perennial bugaboo of foreign desire to rob our nation is held up by minds that are obsessed with 18th century fallacies and have not learned the a, b, cs of the economics of an interdependent world. They are, perhaps, unconsciously afraid of being ousted from official position around which they constantly throw a false glamor by talking obvious nonsense.

What is the wealth of this 125,000,000 people? It is not anything that by any possibility can be looted. It is not portable. No nation has ever declared war against us in all our history; none wants to destroy the goose that has laid the golden egg, the one nation to whom borrowers must turn for loans. Fewer than 75,000 Americans have ever been slain in battle by foreigners, and this includes the World War.

America's wealth is in its forests, its grain and cotton fields, its oil wells, its coal and gold and silver and copper mines, its universities, its factories, its industries, its skyscrapers, its homes, its scientifically trained men and its faithful toilers. The childish notions that all fleets combined could wrest this wealth from us is pitiful and illustrates the need of thousands of college youths like Mr. Greene, the Yale senior, who gave the delegates at the Disarmament Conference in February a memorable and impressive statement as to the body of youth whom he represented and who are turning from the folly of the older generation dominated by narrow-minded diplomats, admirals and generals. Let the logical young thinkers who can no longer be fooled by antiquated twaddle not be overawed by epaulettes and titles, but rebuke those elders who are still blinded by outgrown theories and illogical assumptions.

No sensible person can fail to be impressed by the highmindedness and commonsense of the Pittsburgh students in their feeling that the choice of an army leader to glorify war in a Commencement address instead of devoting that serious occasion to a subject related to scholarship and political duty, showed themselves vastly superior to their elders. Their vision and courage are worthy of the admiration and praise of every patriotic citizen and it is to be hoped that the students in all our colleges and their professors and officials superiors as well will alike learn the lesson.

LUCIA AMES MEAD.

*Boston, Massachusetts.*

### Reign of Terror in Chile

Editor of UNITY:

As a result of recent happenings in Chile 500 workers are now in jail; strikes, meetings and demonstrations are prohibited and a state of martial law exists.

This terror is being carried through by the Davila Government which claimed to be leading a revolt in order to bring about a Socialist government. Events, however, have shown that Davila was merely using "Socialist" phrases in order to come into power.

The condition of the workers and peasants in Chile has been growing steadily worse. The crisis has hit especially hard the workers in the nitrate and copper mines as well as the agricultural workers, throwing tens of thousands into unemployment and unbearable misery.

To keep the masses from struggling for better conditions and to maintain the power of the imperialists and native bourgeoisie, the Davila Government is carrying on its reign of terror.

In view of the power exercised in Chile by American nitrate and copper companies and the Wall Street Government, we call on all liberals and intellectuals as well as workers and farmers to protest against the reign of terror now going on in Chile against the militant workers and peasants. The Anti-Imperialist League will be glad to receive expressions of opinion on this question by readers of this magazine.

The Anti-Imperialist League has initiated a campaign of protest resolutions to be sent to the Chilean Consulate, 17 Battery Place, New York; to the Chilean Embassy, Washington, D. C.; to Secretary of State Stimson, Washington, D. C.; and to the Anti-Imperialist League, 799 Broadway, Room 536. On request to our office we will furnish copies of this form resolution. All who are willing to contribute to make this campaign an extensive one can send their check or money order made out to the Anti-Imperialist League.

THE ANTI-IMPERIALIST LEAGUE OF THE UNITED STATES.
WM. SIMONS, *National Secretary.*

### How to Refuse Drill

Dear Mr. Editor:

As classes in colleges are now forming we should be reminded of the growing numbers of students who object to being drafted into the military training units maintained at many institutions. These students either wish to devote their time to courses that are educationally more productive or to prepare for national and international service in courses free from the obsolete theories and methods of the militarist-nationalist groups.

Many readers of UNITY will be interested to learn that it is both quite possible and highly important for students opposed to these onerous courses to seek exemption. Students who know how to press their pleas are being excused from this form of military conscription each year. After years of experience in aiding such students, we have prepared folders outlining the procedure to follow in refusing drill, which we shall gladly send to any of your readers facing this problem.

Sincerely,
GEORGE A. COE, Chairman,
TUCKER P. SMITH, Secretary,
COMMITTEE ON MILITARISM IN EDUCATION.
387 Bible House, New York City.

### The Scottsboro Case

Down in Alabama justice grows slack.
You can't get a fair deal if you're black.

If you're a thief, or a white paid to kill,
You'll get a better hearing than a black chap will.

Down in Alabama they'll string them up high,
For the white-skinned people are willing to lie.

Shall these dark bodies toss and sway
For white-skinned people to have their way?

Against this crime the world cries, "NO!"
*Listen, you judges, let those black boys go!*

LUCIA TRENT

## The Field

(*Continued from page* 82)

know that India will be free tomorrow, and the other oppressed peoples too? She knows it, and yet she has the audacity to go to the disarmament conferences and preach to other nations that they should be disarmed.

"Do you believe that she means to disarm? If England really wanted to disarm, the first thing she would do would be to give freedom to the oppressed. Not only has she no desire for that, but she is fooling the whole world."

"India is determined to be free," Mr. Patel declared, "and she wants complete independence from British control. India wants what America has got, freedom, the right to her own culture and civilization."—*The Poughkeepsie Eagle-News.*

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## What One Church Is Doing to Prevent War

Rev. B. C. Hopson is vicar of Christ Church, Cockfosters, Barnet, England. What he and a large company in his Church have done is highly significant and worthy of consideration, with imitation. He would doubtless welcome correspondence from anyone who desires to see the Church right in the matter of war.

On Sunday evening, June 24, 1932, after a sermon in the morning on "Christ and War," at a meeting in the Church House at the close of the service, the following "Declaration" was assented to, and has since been signed by nearly 150 people, all over 18 years of age.

### Declaration

"We, being members and friends of the congregation of Christ Church, Cockfosters, convinced that war is contrary to the teaching and example of our Lord Jesus Christ, declare that we will not bear arms in the event of another war, or help in the preparation for it, and we respectfully urge all the Christian congregations of the world to make a similar declaration."

(Below is given space for 20 names —with injunction, "No one under the age of 18 to sign.")

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In the *Parish Magazine,* Mr. Hopson, among many comments makes the following: "For Christians, the supreme issue is the teaching and example of our Lord Jesus Christ. If they feel that war is incompatible with our Lord's teaching and example they must so act upon it and be prepared to take the consequences.

"For my own part, I have long pondered over the problem. I have thought of war as the final appeal, etc., but prolonged thought and study and prayer have more than convinced me that it is the supreme blasphemy to mix up Christ and war and to perpetrate the nameless barbarities of warfare in His Name and ask for His blessing upon it.

"The world has too long been dragged at the chariot wheels of the god of war—as false and foul a deity as ever degraded the mind of man—and I blush with shame for the part that the so-called Christian Church (I along with it up to a point) played in the last war.

"War has been revealed at last in all its senseless and futile and leprous reality. It is unmanly, ungentlemanly, unchivalrous, unchristian. It blinds and degrades and brutalizes, and after an incredible expenditure of blood and money, after destroying youth and genius and happiness, it leaves a drained world with more problems to solve than it had before and with less ability to solve them.

"Is it any wonder that millions are coming to believe that it is man's deadliest enemy, and that Christian people are beginning to see that in the name of Christ they can have nothing to do with it?"

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The best wishes of all throughout the world, who oppose war, will certainly go with Mr. Hopson and his company of 150, in their determination *"Not to bear arms in the event of another war, or help in the preparation for it"* along with their hope that *"All the Christian congregations of the world may make a similar declaration."*

S. S.

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## Group Action

Pacifist Action Committee (Devere Allen, chairman) is planning to issue a series of studies in Pacifist Strategy for War Prevention, with the frank purpose of securing some measure of preparedness among war resisters for the crisis which, it fears, will arrive. Topics to be investigated: legal problems, industry and labor, war service, political action, education and organization. Important sections will deal with the conscientious objector and with alternative service.—*The Arbitrator.*

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